

and the **ANONYMOUS NOBODY**

by DE LA SOUL

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?
—
NOBODY
CAN CONTROL
THEM!



De La Soul Lyrics

"Genesis (Intro)"

(feat. Jill Scott)

Huh! I couldn't be nobody but myself, you know that
But then they all started talking
They were talking about love being gone
In my house
They said that there ain't much left to love
Well, there's always something to love if you're familiar enough to recognize it
I mean have you cried for anything lately?
And I don't mean for your friends or your bills or yourself
I mean, for this!
When do you think it's time to love something the most, child?
When it's successful? And have made everything easy for us, huh?
That ain't the time at all It's when its reached it's lowest and you don't believe in it anymore
And the world done kicked it and its tail enough that its lost itself!
Yes, that's when. When nobody cares. That's right. Nobody

De La Soul Lyrics

"Royalty Capes"

It's the flies
They are so annoying
(Shut up you fool, she's here)
Ladies and gents
Crystal carrying pixie peasants and warriors
Elders, ancestors, sons and daughters
Lion hearted kings and everything in between
Take a seat, be witness

You consider 'em king, about to icing on cakes
Chariots cruise at tortoise speeds
Lay your bifocals on royalty
Longer than Sears catalogue
Stern like matadors and [?] LPs
Mirror the crimson tide
The color of the Rubics
Them duplex fuse got your nose up
But coozy up to this warmth though
That long term froze is up
The jone is up
I get swallowed by the barracuda
Androids read raps off iPhones
I choke the blood out of felt tips
Heavy weights up to the front if the belt fits
The wealth is like ivory toothpicks
One out of each tusk
And must gets bust for each and every hiccup
Salute life when dawn breaks
Foreign colors foreign mink lapel's on these royalty capes
I repeat, salute life when dawn breaks
Foreign colors foreign mink lapel's on these royalty capes
Royalty

Behold this divine alignment scrolled secretly in cloud formations. Waterfall rythmes from crowns containing galaxies. Gems from past dimensions. A bond so strong it has unbreakable status. Spits hieroglyphic scripture like a god from Atlantis

Us three be the omega like fish oil
This royal right be own no rentals
Owners of the cape express
He went from the mind you ate off the plate of fundamentals
Knocked on every door of the country's red rugs
We'll lay on floors
We walk and etched in like testament
And find the atomic number 79
On Vernon's periodic table we dine upon
Sittin' on thrones gettin' blown to bits

By our royal dime, fillet of fine dinin'
News from the east sire
Them east coast kings are still findin' ways to stay on
On for play on like a damn disease
Spread the word of Ramseys and fry up a pan of these
Salute down when day breaks
And give me my checks with the same first name as the cape
I repeat salute down when day breaks
And give me my checks with the same first name as the capes
We are royalty

We are an army of stars unleashed
The sky takes notes when we speak
Our capes move with the wind
Because of the wings beneath
This is royalty
The sky takes notes when we speak
Our capes move with the wind
Because of the wings beneath
This is royalty

De La Soul Lyrics

"Pain"

(feat. Snoop Dogg)

Pain will make it better
Tell me how you feel
Look over your shoulder
Time will make it real
Give me no excuses
I know how ya feel
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better

Let me see how many palms go up high
If you've ever felt the world
Had you licked
And what you waving side to side to symbolize
Didn't help on the sand you wander quick
Big mama said "the Devil's up to no good"
But we can heal it on a Sunday with a good book
Or we can kill it on a Monday for a good look
Make it part of the campaign, to withstand pain
Me, myself, place it all on my shoulders
And give it my all, like heavy lifting
No gain without tears and sweat
They claim blue skies with white clouds, steady drifting
When pain come to get ya, it hit ya like flu
Better times will pick ya, do what you gotta do
To earn focus in the stormy weather
Come out the tunnel to the light saying

Pain will make it better
Tell me how you feel
Look over your shoulder
Time will make it real
Give me no excuses
I know how ya feel
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better
(I heard the people say)
Pain will make it better
(I heard my people say)
Pain will make it better

[Snoop Dogg:]

No wetter, four-letter, mo' better
Slow pain, no gain, go getta
Change like the weather
Solid as a rock, small piece of leather

But well put together
Flames are endeavors
Time to find out that pain makes it better
Pain makes it better
Shades of epiphany, can't let it get to me
Move so differently, do it so swiftly
Ease into my style, lay mine down
King be crowned, look at me now
Teaching my classes by the masses
Used to gang bang, used to love the clashes
Now cash is the only motivation, but not for me G
I'm into public relations
That's food for you, De La Soul, word to the letter...

Pain will make it better
Tell me how you feel
Look over your shoulder
Time will make it real
Give me no excuses
I know how ya feel
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better

The bigger the headache, bigger the pill
The harder you fall, stronger the will
We came from the back of the bus
Talking wast to mobile, now we're on a house on a hill
Stronger, while filling ya gas tank
The bank was feeling your loan
The OT couldn't cover the bills
When life came with a couple of spills
But we're gonna use that pain fo' fuel so...

Give me no excuses
I know how ya feel
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better
(I heard the people say)
Pain will make it better
(You and my people saying)
Pain will make it better
(I heard the people say)
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better

Your music means everything

De La Soul Lyrics

"Property Of Spitkicker.com"

(feat. Roc Marciano)

Control
Control alt
Shift command
Commanding crowds
Crowd option
Vehicle option
Instrument intern
Quantity 17 played back
Property of Spitkicker.com

[Posdnuos:]

Yo, a slow burn we are
Last long three man act to wake up your thermostat
Blood through the property line
Creative minds crossover and back
Scribble with my knife to earn that slice of life
Cut back, aim, shot the name wherever the price is right
The pain earned is the pain learned and it's talking like burn
Connect (to the same as it ever was)
Respect the lane cause it never flood, it's well irrigated
Looking for my vanity, it's there, the mirror hate it
State it, stop being an MC and give your verses more weight
For being just empty, thoughts are oxidised when I spit em out
And my lungs prefer tastes encrypted words laced to get them out home
We're removal service to get kings out the throne
(More hands on) With hands upon the neck
Of a voice magnifier over decks
The sound is found at the young's in the batch
Lovely how I let my mind flow
You can catch me in the early morning
Find me out with no yawning
Have it been asleep I'm on Q
8 in the corner pocket from the booth all 24 hours like it was our debut
Life edited my etiquette
Dreams beyond your eons
You can't wait this out
Start blitz, starring it's that crew who never call the splits convey lines made from outer spine
So the nerve of us to be so damned crushed
Grit like JDL and we sip from the grail
With a current course connect, so we not unsung
Just vets, this mission's undone

[Roc Marciano:]

We getting loot in this, removed from this
We're true in this
Baby you already know who it is

We've been doing this
We've been doing this
In true to this, it's Yoo-Hoo n' some tunafish
Catch flights, hit the stewardess
We've been doing this
We've been doing this

It's a honour and a pleasure
Rappers is not try and see me like a diamond tester
I'm all alone, I'm like a silent investor
Well dressed, my suit and vest is never polyester
Keep a shottie on the dresser
My queen look like a young pepper
Up in her plump compress her
My tongue is forever under the weather, however
My heart was still lighter than a feather
Culturally, snort em like cocoa leaf
Them niggas suck more milk - no tea
I'm on the low though in my Polo tee
The show cost money but the promo's free
My pen collection is interesting
No steal, still niggas will feel threatened
My genetics is comedic
Driven in lanes I was looking angelic
Psychedelic, if you was like it I can sell it
But I don't fuck with that sweet shit, I'm diabetic
This is rapping at it's peak
The bird steady yapping at the beat
Come for parakeet
You're not unique, you're no Kool Keith
Shit is more parody
You get with the hall of rhymes distributor
The verse might rend you an Ed Sullivan

We getting loot in this, removed from this
We're true in this
Baby you already know who it is
We've been doing this
We've been doing this
In true to this, it's Yoo-Hoo n' some tunafish
Catch flights, hit the stewardess
We've been doing this
We've been doing this

[Dave:]

Yo put that bread on all fours The Catcher in the Rye
New York City lights look dirty in July
4th, no fireworks will dangle in the sky
Like right there, feeling the night air
Promoting the fair fight
Square dance, men at the face off
Crooked eye letters from Madoff, apologise
Long journeys walking cold hard facts

Once you turn up there, there's no turning back
My cocaine flow's the flows that I crack
The hemline, versus all my land
What did your man?
They hard working through on the scale
I'm Joe Pressure on the disk, so messy on the disk
Puerto Rican mamis call me floppy
Leap a tall feeling in a single bound
Way over your head like my ex-girl talking bout mind sex
(Well you're A dickhead)
Two texts away from aww shit
Cause I'm an old fart
Go campaign raise the age
Stay fresh like a pound of sage
That could rake the pound amount of figures
Watch the way they crown is staged
Sipped Crown but I was down in age
See the sailor took a sip so the whole ship drowned in grey
Classmates couldn't find a page
Had the answers written in palm over since power was played

[Roc Marciano:]

We getting loot in this, removed from this
We're true in this
Baby you already know who it is
We've been doing this
We've been doing this
In true to this, it's Yoo-Hoo n' some tunafish
Catch flights, hit the stewardess
We've been doing this
We've been doing this

De La Soul Lyrics

"Memory Of...(US)"

(feat. Estelle & Pete Rock)

[Hook - Estelle:]

And it's so easy to fall back to the memory of
And it's easy to recall the good and fall into place
But you're not easy to love
I love the memory of...
I remember your face, I remember your way

[Verse 1 - Estelle:]

I remember you now
Part of my existence
I remember your face
You came in and got me
All in a day
Yeah, all in a day
I remember your lips
Do you remember the taste?
Remember family names
Your child, my child, our child
Whitney and Dwayne
Different to my world now
Remember the way
You gripped my hips so tight now?
Slow up the pace
Maybe erase, don't remember my words

[Hook - Estelle:]

Cause it's so easy to fall back to the memory of
And it's easy to recall the good and fall into place
But you're not easy to love
I love the memory of...
I remember your face, I remember your way

[Verse 2 - Posdnuos:]

How could I forget?
A ballad was born upon a demo of a fly love song
Didn't take long before the archer with the wings heard it
Shot us in the heart with a contract, he knew we were a hit
The right amount of soul with a parallel amount of grit
But the archer couldn't see the target of departure
Gave in your pink slip and called it quits
It's understood you would
Label me a mate who wronged you
Cause I kept wanting to feature
With them other females on they songs too
Your words spoken in mono for monogamy
Telling me I had to go cause I chose

Stereo for stereotypical male biology
And now I'm left setting traps
For you to fall in for me again
Who hates you to tell me
"Slow up the pace, maybe erase, don't..."

[Bridge - Estelle:]
Slow up the pace
Maybe erase, don't remember my words

[Hook - Estelle:]
Cause it's so easy to fall back to the memory of
And it's easy to recall the good and fall into place
But you're not easy to love
I love the memory of...

[Verse 3 - Dave:]
Our last trip to Vegas had me feeling like we had a chance
But chance just showed up at the wedding
I guess I didn't read the heading
"Forgive and won't erase the bitter past"
But I ain't up for kissing ass
I bought you everything your pretty feet could fit in
Put you behind the finest steering wheels
Fearing you would drive a nigga crazy
Told you grow up, but shit, you was my baby
Bits and pieces never made nothing decent
When I accommodated you, you played me like a stranger

[Bridge - Estelle:]
I remember you now (Accountability is major)
A part of what I did then
Remember your face
Just don't let me trip over memory lane
Cause time can't be replaced
And I don't want to stay

[Hook - Estelle:]
Cause, oh, it's so easy to fall back to the memory of
And it's so dah-dah-dee-dah
Dah-dah-dah-dah-dee-dah
It's so easy to fall
In dah-dah-dah-dah-dee-dah
Remember your way
Remember your way

[Posdnuos:]
It's De La featuring Estelle
With the Soul Brother Pete Rock

De La Soul Lyrics

"CBGBS"

[Posdnuos:]

Beach boy bonanza, sunrise, get up
Surfin' on a curb from inception of a set-up
Planet in black granite, halos above it
The autopsy can't top me, beloved
Dissect survival, passed on a whisper
Placed on the mother who shunned, now it's the
Boys who shot joy inside the violent
(Hell from New York) with a mars inside it

[Dave:]

This is for the bottom of the deck (yo, who got squad?)
They call us the the little goat cheese (let's get the engine, baby)
I rev it like Run, the squint in the sun
I bet you bottom dollar I get louder than a bomb
A pH balance, son, I walk the phenom
Like typo, might go, dope in the stash

[Posdnuous:]

Crooked counterfeits (we keep it straight cash)
Crooked counterfeits (keep it straight cash)
Crooked counterfeits (keep it straight cash)
Crooked counterfeits (straight cash)
(Cash, cash)

You're a peanut with a cashew

De La Soul Lyrics

"Lord Intended"

(feat. Justin Hawkins)

- Here come the mic dude, so just walk
Hey guys I got your mics
- About time
- What up man?
Who's mic one?
- That's me
And mic two?
- Thanks
- Let's go
Let me get this door for you
Good luck guys

One two, one two
(Hey) Yo Mase, you ready?
Mase is ready!
Yo y'all ready
Yeah they ready
We bout to burn this shit down

Yo, there's a fire in the kitchen, it's like nine cooks
The Kool-Aid got spiked with porcupines, look
Rode into Rigo, this ain't a fast track
Your tickets ain't straight, TSA your ass back
NASDAQ, IBM, the big honcho on the block
Bitch, I be him
The rock mega death, we gonna kill the Kane
Fuck everyone, bitch, bring everything
Swing like a mandolin, this ain't a sex toy
This ain't spanish fly, this hot shit
Push the dagger in the devil's eye
Slick Rick, yo, get the big dick, yo
Blow the dust covers, pick the age on it
A nose full, sniff a Rose Bowl full
New game, new players, new year
The hardest rock shit you gon' hear

You can save your soul
If we are no more
Suffer the consequences
We are the way the Lord intended

Her ass, she got it from her momma
Tits from the doctor
Fingers fiddelin' the puss
She looks like an Octa
Fresh off the pole, hanging from her hook

I'm in her Grassy Knoll to hit
Just to say that I cocked her (click, click)
My hardware is progressive
My sex crime language is leaning on obsessive
The Lord looking down, judging, the room needs smudging
But I'm over your stars screaming the moon ain't budging
Ain't from Hollis, don't need to tell you who is
But who it here raise hell, they be like "you kid"
I'm ambidextrous, liken to Dexter
Lyrical blood splatter over the texture
We live by that code, not to regret living
Electric guitar sparks and ignites gun powder
A sabbath ain't black enough to call my bluff, bitch
The killswitch just turns it louder

You can save your soul
If we are no more
Suffer the consequences
We are the way the Lord intended

Fuck everyone
Burn everything
Leaving an impression not just a dented legacy
Fuck everyone
Burn everything you see
*[Not just clinging to the planet powerless to avoid
That cataclysmic impact of a massive asteroid
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
Fuck everyone, burn everything
Never to surrender to the cosmic schadenfreude of only
Meeting your creator on the day you are destroyed
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
Just as the Lord intended
(Just as the Lord intended)
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
Burn everything
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
Burn everything
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)]*

De La Soul Lyrics

"Snoopies"

(feat. David Byrne)

[David Byrne:]

In a hundred years from now
We will not recognize this place
The dollar store is filled with love
The parking lot is full of grace
Now, judges put their snoopies on
With glorious and true restraint
A child is gonna rule them all
Said the prophets of the human race

Hey now, can you picture yourself
Hey now, in the physical sense
Hey now, a subcutaneous thing
Hey now, like a mother and father

[Dave:]

Pan Am trips, circa 76, the Ritz
Papa hit the belt, to pick up at the JFK
I judge nothing, I let her know, AFK
I'm off the front porch and the front screen
Two shocks on my back, the wise look mean
They told me slow down, baby, but I'm a lummoX
The 8-ball said, Dave, you in the wrong lot
Move like sloth, cut cloth with new scissors
You thinking too big, I call Nell Carter
Somebody give me a break, cut ya toe up
You put both hands up, I put four up
Can't teach a fast dog how to stand still
Mano e mano it's the hand to hand still
Somebody give me a break, the clutch went out
Tags slap hands, I'm about to man out
Can't teach a [?] how to stand to still
See y'all tomorrow for the man to man

[David Byrne:]

Now that was all so long ago
See the babies, they are running wild
If you get too close, they run away
So tonight we better stay inside
So whenever things don't go my way
I simply put my snoopies on
I'll share them with you, I don't mind
Let me be your microphone

Hey now, can you picture yourself
Hey now, in the physical sense

Hey now, a subcutaneous thing
Hey now, like a mama and papa

Will I ever get tired of this
Will I ever get turned around
Will I ever get old of you
Give me a break now, the clutch went out
Will I ever go back again
Will I ever get used to me
Will I ever be smart enough
How do I know if I'm totally clean?

[Posdnuos:]

It's the elastic youth, coming to size up your plastic troop
Keep a pot of caution, boil it in the hot
I wonder why, so why not
Move like a used car and you get used up wherever you are
So they say me and my crew get it new all day
Couple of shots of calamity
But don't mess with the gram to be sniffed
Too messy for the ego, when you come crashing
There ain't no airbag to dash in and catch ya
She goes down and I look down
She looks up, I don't know what to say
Yo, do that shit, yo, do that shit
But she already done done it anyway
But yo, do understand under the man
Lies another line set of value, open a shape
So when I'm speeding too fast, it don't match the brake
(Car braking hard)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Greyhounds"

(feat. Usher)

[De La Soul:]

Fresh from a bible belt town
That's what she's givin' up
Not really livin', just flesh comin' off a greyhound
Right at a blink of an eye he provides her with charm
Hides that he is a shark
Suggests a few apartments, never hints to the home
That's what he wanna do
She just wanna new zip code for an old dream
Lost in an appetite now the big apple might
Find her habit of a queen
Feel the negro that's filled with an equal match road
Destination unknown
She's Little Bow Peep
And her and her whole sheep gonna have their wool unsewn
Now the wolf give a push
Now watch her jump in with two feet
Blue heat don't know how to swim through the limbs
Everyone huggin' her, tuggin' her
Ride on the merry-go-round of four drinks and two white lines
Go fast with the fast life so she needs more
One fun fix, now a daily chore
Provide the score, written and produced so perverse
He's a pro well versed
Told her that the purse that she want
With the shoes that she love and the rent that she need paid
Can be earned with speed in a day
Escort on the high class side
Champagne glass rides
White snow waterfalls, oh how time flies
When you're flyin', crash and burn
She learned that her soul was dyin'
That's worth savin'
She's cravin' that bible belt town
So she crawls back on the Greyhound

[Usher:]

Next stop, NYC
Take your seats please
I know exactly where you're goin', I can see it on your face
I know how to get there
And I give you my word that I get you there safe
I don't need to check your baggage
I don't need to know your name
All I need to know is
By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed

[De La Soul:]

Fresh new Gucci belt, bound
Fast to the city scape
Dash to deliver fate
Stashed in this duffel bag, proud
It's no scaredy cat
Life was always spared in thy name
That the gamblers fold
No chips if the scramble got cold
But them warm cushions and them soft bus seats
Push that second thought along
Beneath the roof of a Super 8, he sleeps till it's night time
Then connects in the streets like a pipe line
In dark shades he supplies dark brigades
Of lost souls with his chemical morsels
He's no lab tech
He was born into a legacy stretched from Aztecs and beyond
Assets he was drawn to
Had him spreadin' the wool over his mother's eye
He's the black sheep
His pops career driven, he's the backseat
The man on the wheel that cruises on sunrise
That the man brought eyes to his pay per view
Kind of paper make a fool shoot his statement through
And take the label too
Till he's can't [?]
Till a pancake pocket change the landscape
Take a short visit home in the town
It's time to re-up, it's back on the Greyhound

[Usher:]

Next stop, NYC
Take your seats please
I know exactly where you're goin', I can see it on your face
I know how to get there
And I give you my word that I get you there safe
I don't need to check your baggage
I don't need to know your name
All I need to know is
By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed

By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed
By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed
Forever be changed, forever be changed
So watch where you're goin'
And this food you're chosin'
I don't need to check your baggage
I don't need to know your name
All I need to know is
By the time you arrive you'll forever be changed
Forever be changed, be changed
You'll forever be changed

De La Soul Lyrics

"Sexy Bitch"

Once upon a time for the minute by the shape of the hour
The unify finds divide in the power you
He talk us in and work us way in and devour you whole
We all know the power do
Damsel in distress, she's not
She lay a muzzle in a jigzaw puzzle
Meaning she's a straight shooter
Shooting straight in your vein
Leave your heart all tatted up
Own the blame
She lives by the name of a sexy bitch
The scratch to my itch, touch capability
Angelic lips, devilish hips
Manage to make a sandwich of a power utility
You feeling me?

Ey yo yo, what's up lady? what up?
Come here for me, come here
Oh, you ain't gonna stop for me? Word! Bitch!
- Should have never did that, atleast not to this one
Man that bitch wasn't even trying to holla at me
- It don't work that way, baby
I mean, I look good man. Man that ass fat
- You just can't look so dusty
What?
- In my days you gotta be versatile, you know
Versatile, huh? So what do you suggest I do next time, old man?
- Don't even look, don't waste your time, baby

De La Soul Lyrics

"Trainwreck"

Don't walk out there with your hand open
Good things come to those who wait
She don't even care about who she is
She don't care about nothing and nobody
Because no class, no representation
Might take on the days woman
You've got so many different flavors
You've got so many different types
We the package deal
Can't go wrong with that
Knowing how to cook a good twenty-two pound ham
Whooty-who
Nothing like a tall six-foot-five woman
For a short man like me
To fill up a good waterbed
I'm only sixty-seven
I still got lot more time to find the right one
And you do need to find the right one

She move forward like proceed
Keep heads up like nosebleed
A piece from the East, from the norm
But she off of the chain
So she cover all globally
Never be touched, so I'm holding
Bullets found a target
The gun know me
The past life bags from my memory
A fan of a large and i'm a member see
I give it to her like that fool
Sucker for love
Yeah I'm that dude
When she's on the wood
She give good oral
When I'm not with her
I get withdrawal
Lord

I'm half a man without a one to call
She claimed a mathin' man
She's a wonder-doll
She keep me floored
Pack an iron-snake on thirt(y) rims
She like the snake in her bird-tim
I'm addicted by design, a fiend
If she ever try to cut me from her team

Don't turn your back

When she's on that track
Watch out for that train-wreck
Cause when she come
You better watch your back
Watch out she's a train-wreck

[James Brown Sample]

She had me at Star-bucks
Sippin' frappuccino
I wanna grind on that coffee-bean
A couple cups of that joe is a pep-back
She'll be swinging on chandeliers
Baby got that skin
I can handle years
And I won't mind if she fucks asleep
Her mouth game is like Rap-A-Lot
Her Facebook say that she aim at this rap a lot
Online surfing for them beach boys
To bring the sand under her feet boys
She my rock bottom like last offers
Wouldn't write me off like the last offer
Even though she a bomb scare
I'm standing right here
I'm right here

Don't turn your back
When she's on that track
Watch out for that train-wreck
Cause when she come
You better watch your back
Watch out she's a train-wreck

De La Soul Lyrics

"Drawn"

(feat. Little Dragon)

[Yukimi Nagano:]

Shadow you're drawn, why don't you go?
In the corner babe watching the snow
Moving afar, rolling away
In the corner, believe, why won't you stay?
Won't you stay babe? Won't you stay babe?

Oh, I never know what come around
I never looked ahead
I'm wreckin' rules and it's pulling us down
The words I wished I'd said
Shadow you're drawn and you got your ways
Shadow you're painted red, red

Moving afar, rolling away
In the corner, believe, why won't you stay?
Won't you stay babe? Won't you stay babe?

It's drawn, it's drawn
It's drawn, it's drawn
It's drawn, it's drawn
It's drawn, it's drawn

[Posdnuos:]

One, two

Yo, I'm with the paper plate, hold
Too many dreams, a paperweight took a toll
Food on the floor, not on the wasted or knew
Or what's being pasted and know that it's not a copy
I own a prize instead of gas price
Lyrically wonder why I travel past the nicest
Born in a generation that don't generate patience
I travel too fast for you to clock me (time)
Not always a good thing
You can lose the love of your life to a lifetime of love on tour
I didn't mean to be a whore but my hormones
Had me like a fiend screamin' "What you got for me?"
Two words (I'm mortal)
But the fans slid 'em both together and remove the apostrophe
Hip hop's lords maybe but my ways needs laundering
Time's a-ticking, stop squandering!

De La Soul Lyrics

"Whoodeeni"

(feat. 2 Chainz)

Your music means everything to you

Bullet bring the gun, why pull it?
Shoot words to see who's full of it
We from the same place, land of the game face
Plug signs on the jackets
Give props, yo, like a Prop Joe package
It's illegal
How those kids can come from out of the slums and live so regal
Lose it all on a prayer to the ego
Before the loss we earn for the cause
Toast to the life though my liver won't endorse
Currently in time and my enzymes
Are in sync to digest the brink of armageddon
The bedding's over the mattress we lay with the actress
For social media to swallow us
Watch them rap peers who don't reply back
Cause they think we gon' snatch up their Twitter followers
That's some female type foolery
And your females like glue to it
She know it, the scent of a poet
Police buy restraint to cover all the angles
A no opera of operations
See one got all you in your crew all confident with courage
We'll be there jumping your square record
You be like "check it, they stretched the shit into rectangles, damn!"

Dance, freak, get out your seat
Show me that you is a real whoodeeni
Get loose y'all, get up now
Everybody, everybody get down
Whoodeeni, whoodeeni, whoodeeni

[2 Chainz:]

Born institutionalized
My homie from N.O., find his crib with the roof on the side
FEMA asking for an address, but ain't no mailbox
Nothing left to do out here but to sell rocks
Now they got cellphones inside of the cell blocks
And my cousin on parole cause he sold Glocks
My cousin is so stuck
Told you we have more soul than James Brown
Wearing a gold watch that obviously don't work
Used to go home and rob niggas for homework
See if the chrome work
Might call your girl to see if my phone work

I'm a hood star and the trophy is a gold vert
Mouth full of gold teeth
Niggas might end up obsolete if I'm four deep
Real nigga for real bed full of new sheets
Bedroom floor filled up with the loose leafs
This is a war zone, me and a two-piece
Put another head on and make it a new piece
She be like "ooh wee", I be like "ooh wee"
I love myself so much I'm a groupie
Everybody know my verses is pookie
Had 'em all strung out like it's a drug house
When I'm in the booth I'm MJ with his tongue out
When I'm in the booth I'm Kanye with a gun out
Run in your mom house
Then I'mma lean sideways and burn out
All natural, I hope you got the perm out
I've been straightening that shit
New niggas came and tried to hate on that shit
I'mma use it now, I ain't waiting on shit

Dance, freak, get out your seat
Show me that you is a real whoodeeni
Get loose y'all, get up now
Everybody, everybody get down
Whoodeeni, whoodeeni, whoodeeni

[Dave:]

Big drawers, where the big drawers at?
I got a case of the little head controlling the big head thinking
Played Honest Abe in the back of a Lincoln
Chopped down a cherry, American Pie varied
Next day she was on my Snapchat sexting
Had her bunny hopping a quick ten seconds
Dear Lord, forgive a nigga, I've been down with doubt
Had the frog legs, now I'mma knock this piggie out
Now Dave like to cuddle, but Dave don't play that
Like Dave had the ring, listen, Dave ain't say that
Courtships to door steps to gettin' ass, and if it's one of my broads
Keep your feet off the grass, size eleven the gas
Mash that potato till we lay in the grass
She mellow like it's a picnic
If she the mermaid, give her the fish stick
First class flight, shoot her out to the district
Wait, cancel the stallion, hold your horses
Kickstart your life and cut your losses
Look how we did 'em, ma, your boy still got it
I quit drinking, I quit the narcotics
Life's a bitch, but she seeing a therapist
This hip-hop done dilly to cameras, huh
We got stoops and [?] to sit on
Bitcoins Vivian Maese to bid on
But we cautious
Never undermine the hate and turn the spell on your evil forces

But this ain't the cha-cha two-step
Been a rider ever since the Schwinn gooseneck
The buck stops here, there ain't no who's next

Dance, freak, get out your seat
Show me that you is a real whoodeeni
Get loose y'all, get up now
Everybody, everybody get down
Whoodeeni, whoodeeni, whoodeeni

De La Soul Lyrics

"Nosed Up"

And in from the door steps a dumbass struts the fool's gold
Know-it-all, and you wear it well
Funk-less in full length
Too square to stand for anything
Somebody get that man a chair

[Posdnuos:]

No matter where you opt to sit, the opposite-attract law don't fit
Repel even the docile
Always showing your nostrils, got em hostile
The way you're so uppity, till someone barks on ya
You get puppy feet
Quite a laugh, cause you don't know half, but act like you own a puzzle
And everyone allegedly under you, begging just to guzzle from your fountain of fresh
(Hashtag)

Fuck outta here, they rather stay clear
Roll up the papers and pass
While you turn your nose from the smell
Like Stanley on Fridays
Saying we should stay off the grass
As if the lines you sniff is more healthy
Delusions of prestige is not where the health be
B, you need to get it together
But nah, here comes you, part Frank Drebin, part Mr. Magoo
Stay stepping into trouble
Oh so [?] when you're repping for your bubble
But bubbles can get popped, exposed to reality
Watch the words that drop
There's not enough salary to cover the check
'Fore you're behind on cash
People can see you coming like 9/11 ash
Toxic till your last days
And with your shady maneuvers
No one will include you where they ass stays

Behold your royal highness of sinus
It's near 100 miles of running cause your nose needs plumbin'

Captain Nose-dive reporting for duty on the good ship Handkerchief, all aboard
And that goes for you too, Nostril-damus

He who knows nose
And from the from the rooty to the tooty he defines snooty
Somebody asked me the other day is the brother a brother
Does Kleenex wipe?
Yeah I see that

[Dave:]

Like you got one eye on top of your third
A star is born but whose claimin' that birthright
At first sight you the well dressed Park Ave sachet
Acclimated to the scent of your own tail (the bullshit)
The same bull that rage when the buck stops
You'll be walkin' on clouds but that's a smoke machine
See your dineros can't buy bliss, you high fist then
Turn into you flippin' the bird
And every man under your wing
You build your nest egg but you was spoiled rotten
Forgotten you can get robbed of your fame
Beak out like pelicans
You relishin' the fact that you stand feet from stardom
You bargain astonishin' antiques in this modern way of livin'
So tight and not a half size forgivin', you takin' the piss
You got a butler in duplex
Them two Tecs and our God won't protect ya
Can't stay in them white gloves for too long Mr. Handyman
Canaries don't chirp in your candy land
Give them motherfuckin' pigeons a hug

And then he strolls through the valley of dark
Nincompoop, simpleton
Stranger to his own father
Seldom down to get down

And just never stays up
Well, I'm yours son
We talkin' up there like a satellite

Species: canis lupus, unfamiliar
What's happening, dog?
You smell more like pig to me

La-la-la-la-la
Do-do-do-do
Be careful with your nose bro
La-la-la-la-la
Do-do-do-do
Be careful with your nose bro
La-la-la-la-la
Do-do-do-do
Be careful with your nose bro
La-la-la-la-la
Do-do-do-do
Be careful with your nose bro

De La Soul Lyrics

"You Go Dave (A Goldblatt Presentation)"

[Davey Chegwidden:]

Your music means everything to you
Are you concerned about the status of your playlist and precious collection?
We feel you, and we're here to help
Have no fear, De La Soul is here

[David Goldblatt:]

Hi, I'm Dave
And for the last couple of months
I've been waiting for every new album release in every genre
But all I've been hearing is garbage
I'm just not satisfied
Can somebody help me?

[Davey Chegwidden:]

Well Actually Dave, there's nobody
The Anonymous Nobody
Providing comprehensive substance
For you and your loved ones
We offer peace you of mind
Knowing your investment
In our music lasts a lifetime

[David Goldblatt:]

After I got my copy of the Anonymous Nobody, I felt amazing
I mean, my ears are glowing!

[Davey Chegwidden:]

Sign up today, and receive your 16 handcrafted songs sure to inspire and move you

[David Goldblatt:]

Fuck! I can't stop dancing!
Watch me nae nae

[Davey Chegwidden:]

Call us at 222-2222
Where an agent awaits to help you
De La Soul and the Anonymous Nobody
We're here for you

[David Goldblatt:]

Ooh watch me, watch me
Ooh watch me, watch me

[Davey Chegwidden:]

You go Dave

De La Soul Lyrics

"Here In After"

(feat. Damon Albarn)

Cause we're still here now
Cause we're still here now
Cause we're still here now
Yeah we're still here now
We're still

Basic or Asic

I ain't tryna waste this

Took a long time cryin', cryin' ain't a crime
I got my mom, she passed away, my daddy ain't alive
Before they murdered Fudge I prayed for more time
Had y'all on my mind all week

I missed the last

They say a better tomorrow is to sacrifice the calf
Keep that cow in the pasture, knife in the drawer
It's been a long 40 days, it's gonna take 40 more
Make it through losin' love, sorta like rock few
I made the limits, I thought that I run the gas out
When you took your last breath, I only passed out
Laid in the better place but that left me ass out
Hearin' that voice goin' dependent on memory
[?] is fakin' now and I need that energy
Fake to perfection flesh, I should be thankful
From neck to ankle I'm physically [?]

Cause we're still here now
Cause we're still here now
Cause we're still here now
Yeah we're still here now
We're still

Dreams

Out of eternal dreams comes delusion
(Cause we're still here now)

Ride into our [?] Rolls-Royce, brown
You silver shadow yeah
(We're still)

Order now beers and wine and if the bar stool's empty
(Cause we're still here now)

And time is a dogma you can't escape
You can't escape, you can't escape
You think you know it, careful what you search for
Stare it in the face
(We're still)
Seasick on Pacific swell
I did it to myself

Stare it in the face
Next day radiant blue

How you gonna recognize it?
Think he cried more than me
How you gonna let go?
Just lookin' at, starin' at his face
How, how, how, how will you ever know?
Just lookin' at, starin' at his face
How will you ever know?
Think he cried more than me
Starin' at his face
Hey, ah, How will you ever know?
Starin' at his face
(Out here the only one)
How will you ever know?
How will you ever know?
Starin' at his face

Instead I hear your voice
I hear your voice
With me
With the way
Gone for now but here to stay
But here to stay
I will always place your memory
For now

De La Soul Lyrics

"Exodus"

It's the years that we own and we earned them
See the bridges we built now are burned down
Even though a few friends just returned them
Shit and shit there we affirm them
Go the path and as always the righteous
We know darkness
So we wipe dust
From our eyes, no surprise when the broom come
We do night like the honor, the moon, sun
People think we are linked to the solvent
Of the problem that's revolvin'
Around music today but it's not true
We just do it our way cause we're not you
But we know you
We embrace you like brothers, we stow you
With an outro that's also an intro
For the east, and the west, and the central

It's the years that we own and we earned them
See the bridges we built now are burned down
Even though a few friends just returned them
Shit and shit there we affirm them
Go the path and as always the righteous
We know darkness
So we wipe dust
From our eyes, no surprise when the broom come
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Of the problem that's revolvin'

Around music today but it's not true
We just do it our way cause we're not you
But we know you
We embrace you like brothers, we stow you
With an outro that's also an intro
For the east, and the west, and the central

We are the present, the past and still the future. Bound by friendship, fueled and inspired by what's at stake.
Saviors, heroes? Nah. Just common contributors hopin' that what we created inspires you to selflessly challenge
and contribute. Sincerely, anonymously, nobody